

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# FISHERMAN AND HIS CHILD.

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Words and Music by C. A. White.

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The fisherman and his child are drown'd,  
Came ringing thro' the town;  
The father and child lay under the tide,  
And friends did mourn around;  
And the poor wife and mother prayed aloud,  
"Oh, God! it cannot be  
For in yonder mist I see them still,  
Their milk white sails I see;  
For in yonder mist I see them still,  
Their milk-white sails I see."

CHORUS.

'Twas the voice of their God that they heard,  
As they sank in the deep,  
"Come to me I love thee,  
And thy precious souls I'll keep,  
Come to me. I love thee,  
Thy precious souls I keep."

The fisherman saw his boat was lost,  
He tried to save his child  
He battled the waves with all human power,  
But the wind was howling wild,  
Then he spoke to his child, she answered not,  
He raised her tiny head;  
He cried in despair, "Thy will be done!"  
The child he loved was dead,  
He cried in despair, "Thy will be done!"  
The child he loved was dead!  
'Twas the voice of their God, etc.

And when the storm ceased, the sea went down,  
Brave men were on the shore.  
The tide had gone out, they searched all about,  
From the sea two forms they bore,  
Their faces were calm, their hands were raised,  
As if in silent prayer.  
The father in life had clasped his child,  
In death they found her there.  
The father in life had clasped his child,  
In death they found her there.  
'Twas the voice of their God, etc.

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